

ABILENE REFLECTOR

PUBLISHED BY—
REFLECTOR PUBLISHING COMPANY.

MISSING.

Have you seen my sailor boy, as you came across the sea?
Have you seen my sailor boy, with the laughing eyes of blue,
With the sunlight on his hair, and his face so young and fair,
And the smile he used to wear, brave and true?
O, he kissed me on the cheek as he sailed away to sea,
Sailed away from Gloster Town, and I never saw him more.
But the ships they come and go, and the tides they ebb and flow,
And the waves are moaning low on the shore.
Ah! they told me he was dead, but I know it is not true;
For he comes to me at night, when the world is all asleep,
And he speaks to me by day, when the tempests sweep the bay,
And the billows are at play on the deep.
For he said he would come back, and he never twice his word—
Have you seen my sailor boy? He is coming soon, I know,
I would go to him to-day, if I only knew the way,
Though the grave before me lay, I would go.
—J. J. Roche, in N. Y. Independent.

HARASSED BY AGENTS.

Woes of a Weary Woman on Her Busy Day.

The Female Agent With Corsets and Hose Supporters—The Masculine Dealer Who Tried to Dispose of "So-called Elasticity."

It was just after Christmas that I got round so that I had a day to run my candles. That was a great day for agents, too. Agents! I should think well. Seems to me as if all the agents in New England took a bee line for Potville.

I'd hurried round and got the washin' an' ironin' an' a lot o' bakin' done up the first of the week an' Wednesday I got up early, ready to make sausage and run candles.

I'd got my fat on, an' my meat ready to chop, when there came a rap at the settin' room door. Before I could get there, however, it opened, an' in walked a fatish kind of a woman, carryin' a sort of leather case in one hand.

"How'd ye do, ma'am?" she asked, talkin' as if her life depended on it, an' never waitin' for an answer. "Ain't it a nice day? How's your health? Are your folks well? Did I understand from a lady up the road here that you had seven children? How are they all? Oh! you aren't the one? Never mind, I have here, ma'am—"

she'd been unrollin' her leather case all the time, and here took out a roll of something—"I have here a new style of corset that gives a most stylish air to the stoutest figure. This is the most remarkable corset ever produced in this age or any other. Why, it makes a stout person look slim as a girl, or a slim one look nice an' plump! I should advise you as a friend, ma'am, to buy this corset. It has an electric spring in the back that will keep you warm in the coldest day and so equalizes the temperature as to prevent your becoming overheated in the warmest weather. It has galvanized iron springs in front that are so comfortable you'll hate to take them off at night, while they impart a grace and beauty to the female figure that is unequalled in the history of corsets in the past. Just let me put one on you. You've no idea how it will improve your figure. Why—"

Just here I smelt my fat burnin' and rushed out there in hot haste; but she followed.

"It will impart a truly marvelous charm to your manner, and you will be admired by everybody. You know men just love an elegant figure." She said this last in such a lackadaisical way it maddened me, and I broke in:

"Men?" says I. "Men! an' I a married woman! What business have I goin' round incitin' the admiration of men? Hain't I a pardner? Don't he admire me just as much in a loose calico sack as he would in a set of electric spring, galvanized sheet-iron corsets? I don't want to hear no more such talk, an' I won't, neither."

She said she was on the wrong tack, so she began over again.

"Well, you wear corsets? All ladies do, of course. We sell—"

"No, ma'am," says I. "I don't wear corsets, nor never did. I put on some once, an' felt as if I'd been run into a plaster-of-paris mold, such as they put on folks with spinal an' kindred diseases."

"O, but these you could wear, I'm sure!" she went on, determined to get round me some way. "You wouldn't be without them a single day if you realized how they would improve your figure."

"My figger," I went on calmly pickin' up my choppin' tray, "is just as the Lord made it. If He'd wanted a galvanized trap around me, He'd a built one there to begin with. So long as He and my Johnson are satisfied with it, I be."

She said it wasn't any use to talk corset to me any longer, so she got out some tape stuff and began again:

"Let me sell you some hose supporters, then."

"Hose-supporters," says I. "Good land! what won't they get up next? Why, John allers keeps his hose hung up in the shed chamber through the winter, till plantin'-time; and then he supports 'em himself—except when the neighbors come up an' lean over the fence to talk politics. I don't think he'd think necessary to buy any hose-supporters."

The woman laughed and said in a good-natured way that she guessed we couldn't trade much, an' she'd better go. I didn't dispute her, an' soon was alone once more with my sausage an' candles. I kind o' wish afterwards I'd asked her how they hitched them hose-supporters to the hose, an' how they worked.

The fire had got down, an' I hadn't more'n a got it fixed up'n another dozen candles run when there was another knock on the side door. This time it was a little lean fellow carryin' a mopstick. He began without any preliminaries, so to speak:

"Here, madam, you see an entirely new style of mop. It has several advantages over the mop of long ago, one of which is that it screws the rags, or whatever material your mop is to be composed of, into the frame itself. Then, by turning this small crank, you can wring out your mop without putting your hands in the water. Isn't that a triumph of mechanical skill in the line of mops, madam?" An' he flourished his mop-stick in the air as a sign of master does his baton.

"When you will bring me a mop," says I, "that will git the water on the stove, heat it, take it off again, an' mop up the floor nice and clean, I'll buy one. Until then, I shall stick to my old mop. You might as well travel right on, as I shan't be likely to trade any to-day."

"But, this mop, madam! You will always regret it if you neglect this opportunity to purchase what I may style the great ultimatum of mop. Why, just look at this mop-stick, madam!"

"I'll look at this broom-stick, an' to some purpose, too," says I, "if you don't take yourself off. I'll defend myself from corset-peddlers an' walkin' mop-sticks, or I'll know the reason why. I declare, here it is most noon, an' my sausage hardly begun."

He looked sca't an' sayin' he'd better go, he took himself off. He hadn't got out o' the yard tho', before I saw a tall old gentleman with a large square case in his hand, comin' in at the gate. He walked round to the back-door, and right into the kitchen.

"Don't let me disturb you, ma'am, at all," he began. "I merely wish to call your attention to this paper, for which I am getting subscribers. It is doubtless the most entertaining and instructive paper published in the United States to-day; and besides that, see these magnificent chromos! Six of them when you subscribe, and four steel plates like this every month after-ward. Isn't that a magnificent offer? Why, this picture alone is worth more than the price of the paper—which is only fifty cents a year. There, isn't that a magnificent likeness, madam?"

"He held up a very high-colored picture of a man.

"Who?" he fairly yelled. "Is it possible that I behold a woman who does not know the face of our lamented Garfield? Why, lots of folks have this same picture richly framed and hung in their elegant parlors, and it is mistaken for an oil portrait. And you do not know that face?"

"Not that one," I answered. "I've seen good pictures of Mr. Garfield, and I have one I set consid'able by myself. But, good land!" says I, warmin' up to the subject, "didn't this country suffer enough in all his long sickness an' death, in the mighty strain of agony an' suspense, afterward, in the sickenin' trial of Guitau, an' since then times, without havin' them horrid caricatures scattered broadcast through the land? I ain't never seen but a few oil paintings; but I pity anybody that ain't got brains enough to tell that daub from one. Why, I could paint a better one with house paints an' lard oil. I've been in the art gallery down to St. Johnsbury, an' I've seen enough there, an' I don't hanker after newspaper chromos very much. An' when I see a fifty-cent newspaper givin' away three or four dollars' worth of paintin's every week, I think there's a fraud somewhere, either among the publishers or the agents that canvass for 'em."

But just as I said the last words the door slammed. I'd been standing at my work with my back to him; an' when I looked out of the window he was goin' down the road as if he was after the doctor.

But this wasn't all. After dinner, just as I'd got my dishes washed an' put away, an' was gettin' my candle-moulds around again, I heard another knock.

"My fat was gettin' too hot again, so I took it off the stove an' set it on a chair to cool. Then I wiped my hands an' opened the door for as spruce a young feller as ever was in the town of Potville, Vt. He wore the tightest pants I ever see on a man yet, and he was perfumed up with musk awful strong. He skipped into the kitchen in a genteel way, saying:

"My good woman, don't let me interrupt you a single moment in your customary vocations. I have here a book on Social Etiquette, which shows one how to behave under all circumstances, from the most ordinary everyday life up to the most trying, exacting and wearying social position you may ever be called on to fill. You may think this of little consequence at the present moment, but suppose your husband should be suddenly elected to Congress and you be required to consort with the first lady of the land! But I will not talk; I will read you a few extracts, if you'll excuse me."

An' before I could say a word, or knew what he was doing, down he sat square into that pan of tallow.

I jumped towards him, but before I could get there, he'd give one long scream and rushed out of the house, drippin' tallow all over the floor and across my new settin' room rag-carpet.

It was an awful cold day, and the minute he got out of doors the tallow hardened, so that, as he ran down the road, he looked for all the world as though somebody had drawn a map of Europe on his reverse, or mebbe it was an oil painting.

He didn't seem to remember that it wasn't etiquette to rush from a person's house without saying good by; but I presume, if he had stopped to consult his book, he would have done different.

Any way I couldn't blame him; and I haven't been pestered so much with agents since.—Helen M. Winston, in American Magazine.

No Cause for Alarm.

"Have I done any thing to offend you, darling?" he asked, brokenly. "To-day you passed me without bowing, and now you sit there with such an air of hauteur and pride that—"

"George," interrupted the girl with the unbending air, but in her voice there was a cadence sweeter than music in the night, "I have a stiff neck."

—N. Y. Sun.

A PRINCE'S REVENGE.

How an Austrian Archduke Stupified a

In European countries, where Princes become titular Colonels at the age of ten, and assume actual command of a regiment before really entering upon their practical military education under the guidance of some veteran General, it occurs quite frequently that a Prince should assert the authority which his station as a member of the imperial family insures to him over any higher commissioned officer, to remind his tutor of his superiority over him as a Prince, even though he be his subordinate as an officer in the field. On this score an amusing story is whispered in well-informed circles about the Archduke Johann Salvator, a nephew of the Emperor of Austria. The Prince is described as a wanton, fun-loving character, and many are the anecdotes of his humor at the expense of others, though to his credit it is said that in his escapades he never exceeds the bounds of the innocent harmless.

Recently the Prince commanded his regiment at a maneuver held under the auspices of an old and tried General, who had lately been the favorite target of the Prince's humor. Here the General saw his opportunity for retribution. When at the close of the maneuver, as is customary, the officers collected about their leader to receive his criticisms of the different regiments, the General expressed his satisfaction with the troop in the main, but continued in a tone of infinite sarcasm: "I can not refrain to remark that the devil of No.—" (the Prince's own) "was very unsatisfactory. The bearing of the troop was bad; and in fact all through the maneuver it showed poor drilling and leadership. A rapid and radical change would be desirable. So speaking, with a self-satisfied smile he turned in his saddle, and entering into a conversation with an officer at his side, he entirely ignored the presence of the Prince, who, with a cold salute, turned his horse and galloped away, for even he, while in the character of a soldier would not dare to utter a word in disrespect to his superior. But if revenge was denied to him in his present position, he could easily achieve it in the presence of a Prince. And he was not slow to avail himself of this opportunity.

A few minutes later, ere the group around the commander had yet dispersed, to the surprise of all there sounded the well-known bugle signal announcing the approach of a member of the imperial household. The General, as becomes his position, was at the head of the staff to receive so unexpected a visitor, when, much to his chagrin, he perceived that it was Johann Salvator, who had returned, accompanied by his attaches. With unconcerned mien the Prince galloped forward, and returning condescendingly the salute of the General, he demanded from him a report of the maneuver, which the commander could not deny to his Imperial Highness. Then he expressed his desire to witness a defile of the troop, to which the General had to submit, and gave orders accordingly.

Closely the Prince scrutinized each regiment, and when the last company had passed him, he turned to the General, and amid the respectful silence of all, he expressed in dignified language his disapproval of the maneuver. "General," he continued, "it shows poor drilling and bad leadership. A rapid and radical change would indeed be very desirable. Entirely satisfied, however, am I with No.—" (again it was the Prince's own.) "Will you kindly transmit to its commander my thanks and my hearty approval of the excellent bearing which that regiment has shown during the defile?" So saying he turned about and galloped away, leaving behind him a cloud of dust and the stupified General.—Harper's Magazine.

OFFICIAL RED TAPE.

The Work Caused by the Return of a Two-Cent Stamp.

A letter signed with initials and mailed at the Washington post-office was received the other day at the Post-Office Department. The writer enclosed a two-cent stamp, with the following explanatory remark for the benefit of the Postmaster General:

"I received a letter through your office yesterday; the canceling stamp failed to cancel the stamp. I tore the stamp off and used it. Now my conscience has got the best of me. You will please find enclosed a two-cent stamp to go to the 'Conscience Fund.'"

As it was not money the stamp was not sent to the Treasury Department, where there is a special fund for the benefit of those who are overcome by the pangs of conscience. The letter was sent on the official round and as much ink and good paper was consumed in recording its reception in the department and its final disposition as if it had been \$10,000, instead of a sickly two-cent stamp. It was first of all recorded in the book of letters received in the Postmaster-General's office, and was then sent, as indorsed by the chief clerk, to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General. When it reached the latter office it was referred by the Third Assistant Postmaster-General to the Finance Division. Another record was made in the book of the office of letters received and jacketed. Then it found its way to the Finance Division. The chief of that division pasted the stamp on the letter, drew two cross-marks through the stamp with his pen and marked under it the word "canceled" and signed his name. This operation was witnessed by a clerk, who affixed his name as witness, and then the letter having reached the end of its red tape journey, was duly and properly deposited in the files, where it will remain as an evidence to future generations that this petty larceny upon the Government was regularly and officially atoned for. In case the citizen whose conscience was disturbed wishes to establish the fact that he has made a restitution, he can refer to the documents in the case, which the Post-Office Department will kindly preserve for him without charge.—Washington Star.

—Miss Tatletton (entering suddenly)—"It's raining, girls!" De Spoonville (hastily rising)—"You will excuse me. I want to be outside, don't you know, if it's raining girls!"—Life.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

If you want bloom, use small pots; if you desire luxuriant foliage, use large ones.

All who aspire to gardening honors should at some time get in the way of raising many of their own seeds.

The reason the hen that steals her nest always hatches well is that she is not too fat, and every egg has the same same vitality.

In pruning roses cutting back closely produces, as a rule, flower blooms of finer quality, while from those not so closely pruned will be obtained a larger quantity of smaller flowers.—American Gardener.

The ground for carrots and parsnips should be free from small stones. The best soil is a light sandy loam. The roots would grow forked and irregular if they should meet with obstructions in the soil.

The geranium is a healthy plant, and one that is invaluable for garden purposes. By a little care and caution one may have geraniums bloom the year through. The soil should be light and rich.

To prevent birds, mice or squirrels from pulling up seed corn, pour hot water over the seed corn until it is warm, then stir in a little pine tar, until every grain is coated. Now mix plaster, ashes or fine earth to dry off the corn. It will thus be in condition to be planted by machine or by hand.—Farm and Home.

By tying a small corn-cob to one leg, allowing it to dangle at a distance of about six inches, a Maine poultry fancier is said to succeed in keeping her chickens at home. The fowl can scratch and get about with ease, but will not attempt to fly over palings or squeeze through a crack."

A prosperous farmer remarks that when he raises a crop he has to ship it to market to obtain a sale for it; but when he raises a horse the buyer comes to him and buys his product. A little horse sense of this character will open the eyes of hundreds of farmers in this State, and not before it is needed either.

A woman who has always used a broom-handle or straight stick of any kind, can have no notion of the convenience of one forked at the end; one prong catches a fold of cloth and holds it as the stick is turned, so there is slight danger of its slipping off, as so often happens with the plain stick. A hole should be bored in one end by which to hang it up.

Telegram Pudding: Boil a quart of milk in a saucepan, adding a pinch of salt and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat four eggs and mix to a smooth batter with four table spoonfuls of flour and a little cold milk; add this to the boiling milk and stir rapidly till it thickens up. Eat with powdered sugar and cream or a fine maple syrup.

There is a big cider mill in Northwestern Pennsylvania, and the farmers around there cart away the pomace as fast as it is made to feed to their milk cows. One man began at once feeding a peck of pomace, night and morning, to each cow, and noticed an immediate increase in the flow of milk. The cows kept increasing in milk and flesh as the ration of pomace was increased, which finally reached a bushel and a half per day.

In making any soup observe: 1st. A soup should never boil; let it only simmer. 2d. A soup should never be greasy. Make the stock a day in advance and remove the fat if necessary. 3d. A soup should be judiciously seasoned. Salt, cayenne, celery seed, sweet herbs—all are good. 4th. A soup should be covered while cooking, served hot and eaten with "a quiet mind"—that final grace which makes every dish palatable.—Good Cheer.

PLUMS IN PLENTY.

Varieties That Can Not Well Be Surpassed in Productiveness.

Plum culture has not been a success with every grower in recent years, principally on account of the terrible work of the curculio, a most clumsy fellow generally, yet only too active when bent on the perpetuation of its own race. This insect has effectually prevented over-production of plums, and also deprived the majority of home growers of their home supply.

With our present knowledge, and a number of varieties of plums which are practically curculio-proof to select from, we see no reason why the curculio should give up in despair, or let the curculio have all its own way. Many of our native sorts will produce full crops in spite of all insects, and so will the newly-introduced Japan plums, of which Ogon, Botan and Kelsey's have been tested quite extensively and found of great merit. We have seen Ogon trees loaded down with ripe fruit, every specimen of which bore the scarcely visible traces of from three to five of the ominous crescent marks, proving to our satisfaction that the fruit is able to outgrow the curculio sting and to take care of itself. The same was our experience with the De Soto plum, one of the natives from Minnesota. These two varieties can not very well be surpassed in productiveness.

The Ogon is a round plum (the California growers, who describe it as oval or egg-shaped, must have a different variety), of good size, a bright golden yellow, fine, sweet, but rather dry flesh; excellent for canning; ripens here toward the end of July; tree a vigorous grower; and apparently hardy.

De Soto is an American plum, of medium size, bright red color and good quality. Its productiveness is simply wonderful. Tree entirely hardy. As a blossom and pollen producer it is not surpassed by any sort with which we are acquainted, and this feature we consider of greatest value. Trees of this sort should be planted scattering among other varieties in every plum orchard; and it will then "bear and make bear" in abundance. The home grower who wants to make sure of an annual and abundant supply, should plant several trees together, selecting almost any of the best standard sorts, with at least one Ogon and one De Soto in the middle of the cluster of trees; or he may graft cions of various sorts, always including Ogon and De Soto, into limbs of one or more larger, hardy plum trees—a native sort always preferred.—Orchard and Garden.

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